

THE  
SIGNAL:  
OR, A  
SATYR  
AGAINST  
MODESTY.

— *Pudor Malus* — Hor.



L O N D O N,

Printed: and Sold by J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-*  
*Lane*, MDCCXXVII. Price One Shilling.

1547/1055  
T H E  
Harvard College Library  
Sept. 30, 1911.  
Gift of  
Alexander Cochrane  
of Boston

SATYR

MODESTY



L O N D O N  
Printed by J. B. ...  
...  
...





T H E  
S I G N A L, &c.



W H E T H E R by Fame or Inclination drove,  
To worldly *Interest* led, or worldly *Love*,  
Profitless Virtue I thy Cause disown,  
Thee to the Lucky, and the Wise unknown;  
To my Misfortune young I did begin,  
And raw, and unexperienc'd took Thee in,  
Awkerdly Bred, receiv'd Thee in my Eyes,  
And made a shy Denial first to *Pyes*;  
In Carriage and Complexion still appears  
Th' ill Quality hath grown up with my Years,  
Else to me, Fortune had not been so blind,  
Else but for Thee, *Corinna* had been kind;  
Business not court the Hands of forward Boys;  
Nor merit Sacrifice to Show and Noise.

Curs'd be the cautious Hand, the Look that's meek!  
The bashful Gesture, and the blushing Cheek,

Which

Which puts Constraint upon each Thought and Word,  
 And makes Men (*from the fear of it*) absurd,  
 Perversely shy, whose wicked Nature's such,  
 We do too little, or we do too much,  
 The Good forbids to take within our Reach,  
 And checks the Council that our Judgments teach,  
 Form'd to Expose the Faults it should conceal,  
 And hide those Virtues which it would reveal.

*Frontwell* the Object of a kinder Fate,  
 At once my *Scorn*, my *Envy*, and my *Hate*,  
 Invincibly assur'd, doth still succeed,  
 Nor Opposition, or Afront doth heed,  
 Sordid, unanswer'd, and presuming still,  
 Even 'gainst his Patron's Judgment and his Will,  
 He ever doth, and shall for ever Clime,  
 The Favour, and the foul Disgrace of Time:  
 While Obscure Thou! abandon'd and forlorn,  
 To abject Pity given, or sordid Scorn,  
 Condemn'd to every Want the Wretched feels,  
 Art out of Countenance, and out at Heels;  
 Fashion'd to be abus'd, the Butt of Braves,  
 The Jest of Fools, and Property of Knaves,  
 Shall't die as full of Days, as full of Needs,  
 Thy own Reproach, and Curse of those succeeds.

Fortune



Fortune of Right, to th' Adventurous fall;  
 He bids not fair, who pushes not at all!  
 The Ravisher, succeedeth best of Course,  
 She grants her Favours with a Spice of Force.

He, who no Rules of *Time* or *Place* confine,  
 Speaks without Thought, and acts without Design,  
 Sufficient in himself, and free of Voice,  
 Demur not, nor once knows the *Plague* of Choice;  
 Shall Eagle like, bred up to open Fame,  
 Shoot up above, and stoop upon his Game,  
 While the Domestick, --- *Stranger* to the Skies,  
 Hath neither Power to seize, nor Wings to rise.

Oh! be it still remember'd to his Shame  
 Thought thee a Virtue! --- Virtue is a Name!

The Time was due to Men, I spent in Hopes,  
 By Sylogism reign'd, and making Tropes,  
 Till in a fatal Hour I saw and lov'd,  
 And languish'd tenderly to be approv'd;  
 In pleasing Dread I sought the Maids Approach,  
 She saw my Pain, --- she saw too, --- my Reproach,

B

Perversely

Perversely led, did with my Passion play,  
 And gravely heard, what gravely I could say;  
 While I did what Excess of Love could do,  
 Spoke all I thought, and to a *Vice* was true;  
 Unpractis'd Swain! so plain a Truth not prove  
 Sincerity not Language is for Love:  
 She turning with a Look demure as Saint.  
*Sir, read you never Collin's fond Complaint?*  
*Tender his Pains, and feeling are his Throws,*  
*You'll hear how soft it to the Spinet goes.*  
 (Believing Fool! not to behold the Snare,  
*Strephon* be warn'd, of Womens Wiles beware.)  
 She sings with all the Softnesses of Art,  
 She touch'd his Plainness, and I felt his Smart;  
 The Notes the speaking Instruments conceives,  
 Could Maiden e'er withstand, the Swain so grieves?  
 Ah! still I hear her Voice, I see her Face!  
 The soften'd Charmer, and her Syren Grace,  
 I sigh'd more fondly now, ev'n now ador'd,  
 That she'd oblige again, again implor'd,  
 Elated in my Mind, secure from Foes,  
 I had my Charmer in her Wedding Cloaths.

When *Coupee's* seen advancing from the Stairs,  
 Invincibly dress'd out in all his Airs,

Humming



Humming a Tune he gaily skims around,  
 And sinks a softly Measure on the Ground;  
 Full of the *Fop*, the *Motion*, and the *Song*,  
 The Instrument deserteth to my Wrong,  
 A brisker Simpathy her Fingers feels,  
 And my Head's circumvented by his Heels.

Resolv'd it was Impertinent t' Intrude,  
 Resolv'd to tell him so! — but fears 'twas Rude,  
 He seiz'd her Fan, yet *more* confus'd I lay,  
 And nothing, or what's nothing worth could say;  
 Disorder'd Accents on the Weather hung,  
 And how the Wind was falter'd on my Tongue,  
 He look'd as if my Passion to *deride*,  
 She smil'd a *Scorn*, she strove but *half* to hide.  
 I rose, and what compleated my Disgrace,  
 Blush'd, bow'd, and looking Silly, left the Place;  
 They Wed within the next succeeding Sun,  
 And e'er the Year was out, he her undone.  
 Vain Modesty! and vain our being Wise!  
 From *Plato Cavalry* shall bear the Prize.

Tale to pursue, — I hid me from the Day,  
 And on the Fair Inconstant wrote a Play;

Into

Into Blank Verse my warm Resentments cast,  
 My present Torments, and my Torments past,  
 Nought wanting, but a Patron to commend,  
 Vain Whisper! — Nature never wants a Friend.

For ——— Levee, then I set me forth,  
 A Judge confest of Men, and Friend to Worth;  
 I past the Porter with some little Pain,  
 With Violence the Anti-Chamber gain;  
 The *Grand* Assembly in the Centre stood,  
 Each special Candidate for publick Good;  
 Some *more* retir'd in smaller Groupes are seen,  
 Establisning of Laws with steady Mien;  
 Remoter some, with all but *selves* at Odds,  
 Repealing them in solemn Shugs, and Nods;  
 Bright Sight! Maclean, embroider'd Cloaths, and Clocks,  
 Profusion! essenc'd Gloves, and powder'd Locks;  
 Oh! *England*, first of Nations, art Thou made,  
 When Patriots strive t' outvie in sake of Trade?  
 They Cringe, and Bows exchange, and gracious Smile,  
 If Real — vain Doubt! — can Words so fair have Guile?  
 Propitious Omens to the Nations Fate,  
 Which thus Benign presides o'er *Church* and *State*.

Now



Now *Valette*, the Keeper of the Vest,  
 Vouchsafes to tell us that my Lord's near Drest:  
 Cast in a Semi-Circle fell the Throng,  
 That graciously he'd please to pass along;  
 Aw'd by the Prospect of his being near,  
 I felt my usual Fit of irksome Fear,  
 A quicken'd Tremour on my Vitals hung,  
 Ru'd thro' my Veins, and terrify'd my Tongue;  
 Yet worse Remains, Amazement! Death and Hell!  
 Who so Confus'd, minutely Things can Tell?

*Lazune* hath all the Qualities to Thrive,  
*Lazune* the Noisest, boldest Thing alive,  
 From my Disorder, his Advantage took,  
 And drawing near, from Pocket snatch'd my Book.  
 While Creatures of more Phelgm fall of in sneer,  
 And from Consent of Pride, furround his Rear,  
 Pertly He spreads his persecuting Hand,  
 And Drolls on what He ne'er will Understand;  
 Numbers a shine on Ignorance Dispencc,  
 How absolute Assurance is to Sense?  
 Your Interest Sirs, saith He?—— We can't do less  
 Then help out a weak Brother in Distress;

C

And

And therefore I propose, with your Permission,  
 To change the Name, and call it — the *Petition*;  
 And beg my Lord will favour the Rehearse;  
 Sounds soften *Rocks*, a Magick Power hath Verse.  
 Again the grinning Slaves me put upon,  
 Again the Insignificant goes on.  
*Sir Softly, for the Inconstant be our Choice,*  
*You have a Female Face, and Female Voice;*  
*Dismal be mine, already see I've took*  
*His melancholy Tone, and sneaking Look;*  
*Well lives the Poet, well his Hero dies,*  
*Whose Patron shall vouchsafe him Ears and Eyes.*

More I remember not, till in the Street,  
 I found myself, (through Mercy!) on my Feet.

One Instance more 'mong Thousands, O be warn'd!  
 Ye Modest! ye impertinently Learn'd!  
 Instinct doth ever act on Nature's Side,  
 That he which gets the Child, should for't provide;  
 Unhappy Offspring of unhappy Hour!  
 Thy Parent hath the Will, but wants the Power.

Next to the *Theatre* I did repair,  
 Where Power Supream I found, Supream in Air,

Wisely



Wisely reflecting on Time's precious Use,  
 He wanted — even Time to make *Excuse*;  
 Distance is necessary to the Great,  
 But why, ye *Gods*! must *Buskin* keep his State?  
 He Leisure wants, who gives Repose to Kings,  
 But *Buskin* is the *Ape* of solemn Things.

With Application weary'd out at last,  
 One *Winter* going, and another past,  
 In which Time Scene was Prostitute to Jest,  
*Faustus* was crouded, and dull Farce New-dress'd;  
 Nothing to Hope, was told t' amuse my Fear,  
 It possibly might do, another Year.  
 And is this Ufuage Just? is it Compleat?  
 The Consequence what 't will the World shall see't;  
 Merit not Needs, nor asks the Help of Art,  
*Thespis* succeeded though he sung in Cart.

Recess from Toil, thro' Realm of *Fairy-Land*,  
 Is publish'd, by the *Sovereign* Command;  
 And *Buskin*, for his Ease, and of his Grace,  
 Doth Substitute a Regent in his Place;  
 Changes in Power, a Change of Place attends,  
 Power wants not Importunity, nor Friends;

In

In Air disturb'd, now Big, with *Fustian* swell'd,  
 One Scepter wields, before the Halbert held,  
 And she Train-bore, with Jewels deck'd, and Pearls,  
 Is deaf to Sighs of Tinsel *Dukes*, and *Earls*,  
 The *Candle-Snuffer*, but a Twelvemonth since,  
 Doth now become a Tributary Prince,  
 And who, as Constable, did Rule the Rabble,  
 Now Brandishes the Truncheon formidable;  
 Cits, Coquets, Country-Squires, are foreign Aids,  
*Sultana* Queens arise from Waiting-Maids;  
 And she above, yes Madam, ne'er could Rise,  
 Thro'out three Hundred Lines, Sighs, Raves, and Dies!

The Cloud now breaks, Propitious to my View,  
 My Fortune *these* resent, my Value knew;  
 Acquaintance came from mutual Disregard,  
 And Modest Moan that Virtue wants Reward;  
 When could the Muse so lucky spread her Wings,  
 Princes her Friends, a Favourite of Kings.

The Favour ask'd, it's granted soon as fought,  
 A Day appointed, and the Play is brought.  
 Committee form'd as reasonable and fit,  
 And *Skip* in Chair, as Sovereign of Wit.

How



How shall I tell the Torments of that Hour?

The Insolence of delegated Power!

Name not the Tyranny of cruelest Knaves;

Name not the Passiveness of abject Slaves;

With less Remorse he sacrific'd my Fame,

More fordid I, consented to my Shame;

Full of Resentments I could not Express,

And 'gainst the Power of having Self-redress.

But to continue, with Imperious Will

He draws, from Left to Right his murdering Quill;

A Thousand tender Things he now craft,

Soft Speeches here, and there whole Scenes laid waste;

Warm Passion which from just Resentments was,

He blotted out, — not crueller the Cause;

I beg'd that one Soliloquy he'd spare;

He cut me short with a forbidding Air;

*Sir, I shall careful be of your Renown,*

*But I'm the Judge what 'tis will please the Town.*

Yet still constrain'd by Hope, or aw'd by Fear,

I yielded, Life on any Terms is Dear,

With the rough Power implicitly comply'd,

So near are Modesty and Shame ally'd.

The Council up, retir'd, I meekly took  
 The miserable Fragments of my Book,  
 With Loss of Limbs beheld my mangl'd Boy,  
 Despair reproach'd, 'twas Mercy to destroy;  
 Again resentful down the Backway run,  
 Resolv'd the Muse and Thee for evermore to shun.

Old Mother *Puff*, the turning of the Street,  
 Rais'd *Paste* round blit'd Fruit, and *Offal* Meat,  
 Two Yards *Tarpaulin* cast above her Shed,  
 Shelter'd her *Stall*, her *Utenfils*, and *Bed*;  
 For Ornament, was pasted round the Place,  
*Guy Warmick*, *George and Dragon*, *Chevy Chase*;  
 The ragged *Staves of Troy's* fam'd Seige there stood,  
 And 'bout two *Thirds of Children in the Wood*;  
 Part of a tatter'd Blanket, help of *Scutere*,  
 Her Shoulders cover'd from the Cold secure,  
 Two Inch of Pipe within her *Leathern Jaws*,  
 One Side emitting Fumes, the other *Draws*,  
 With parch'd Hands pendant o'er a *Charcoal Pan*,  
 She sate, Complaining of the *Times*, and *Man*.

Goody! quoth I, *Do you Waste Paper Buy*?  
 Sir ---- Pray a little louder! ---- Price? ---- which *Pye*?

The

D

Inclining



Inclining of my Head, and she her Ear,  
*I've this to sell I say! — Um! — Yes I hear,*  
*You ask (if I mistake not) what I'll give?*  
*Ah Master! — it is very hard to live!*  
 Then drew her Purse — *Here's what I can afford,*  
*If't pleaseth you to tak'e't, — I'm, at a Word,*  
*I love them not — Is that the most my Dame?*  
*Indeed it is! — and what's this Pye? — the same.*  
 Then Ware for Ware I took, my last Appeal,  
 And eat out Twelve-months Labour at a Meal.

For your Instruction I this Signal raise,  
 Ye Sons of *Fame*! Ye Candidates for *Bays*!  
 Conclude aright from what these Truths unfold,  
 In Love *man* answer'd be, in Business bold,  
 Success shall favour you, if you abide,  
 Merit consists in being undeny'd;  
 The Precept's plain, be servile to the Proud,  
 Pert with the Brisk, and noisy with the Loud,  
 Leud with the Leud, to every Taste advance,  
 And be a very Slave to Complisance;  
*Camelions* Colours takes from what it fits,  
*Proteus* to please was every Thing by Fits,  
 Modesty fly, and all her Altars shun,  
 Meek Looks thy Advertiser hath undone;

Hef

Her and the sheepish Muses hence decline,  
And Oh! *his* Aid invoke! inspires 'bove all the Nine.

Virtue, no more in Cities seen, or Courts,  
Go, reign in Virgins Cheeks, and Virgins Sports,  
Like limpid Streams, which smile along the Plain,  
And whispers Peace t' th' unambitious Swain,  
But the Industrious, who have Views in Store,  
Seeks the bleak Beach, and loves the Ocean's Roar.

Object you may, that *Congreve*, *Pope*, and *Tounge*,  
Are living Proofs my Arguments are Wrong,  
The Patriot's Delight, and Peoples Theme,  
Nor mightier their Desert, than their Esteem;  
I sing what common Course of Things are fit,  
You Instance bring of Miracles in Wit;  
Such obvious Worth Immortal must abide,  
Nor Impudence obscure, nor Modesty it hide.

**F I N I S.**

